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IN VACATION.

Compensation.—Selling out to insurance companies is no new business; they discovered it long ago. The new and interesting scheme will produce its crop of sham claimants, and that aspect of the subject is treated facetiously as follows by the "London Chronicle." As the little prose poem is more than a year old, it reminds us that Great Britain tried the scheme first and has already had some experience:

Mary Ann, while cutting bread,
Cut her finger. With elation
Mary Ann went off to bed,
Claiming Compensation.

William Jones, while carting coke,
Bruised his shin. With jubilation
William cried: "A happy stroke!
One year's compensation."

Charles, the waiter, dropped the cheese
Hurt his toe; retired from waiting.
Six months' claim. At Brighton he's
Now recuperating.

Jane, while cooking, trod and slid
On some fat, and fell obliquely;
Interesting invalid,
Drawing two pounds weekly.

Jack, the hodman, scratched his wrist,
Scratched it with a scaffold splinter;
On the compensation list,
Resting for the winter.

On a job at Maida Vale,
With his hammer, Green the plumber,
Hit the wrong nail (finger nail),
Resting till next summer.

Bless the goodness and the grace,
And the thoughtful legislation
That conferred upon our race,
Workmen's Compensation.